

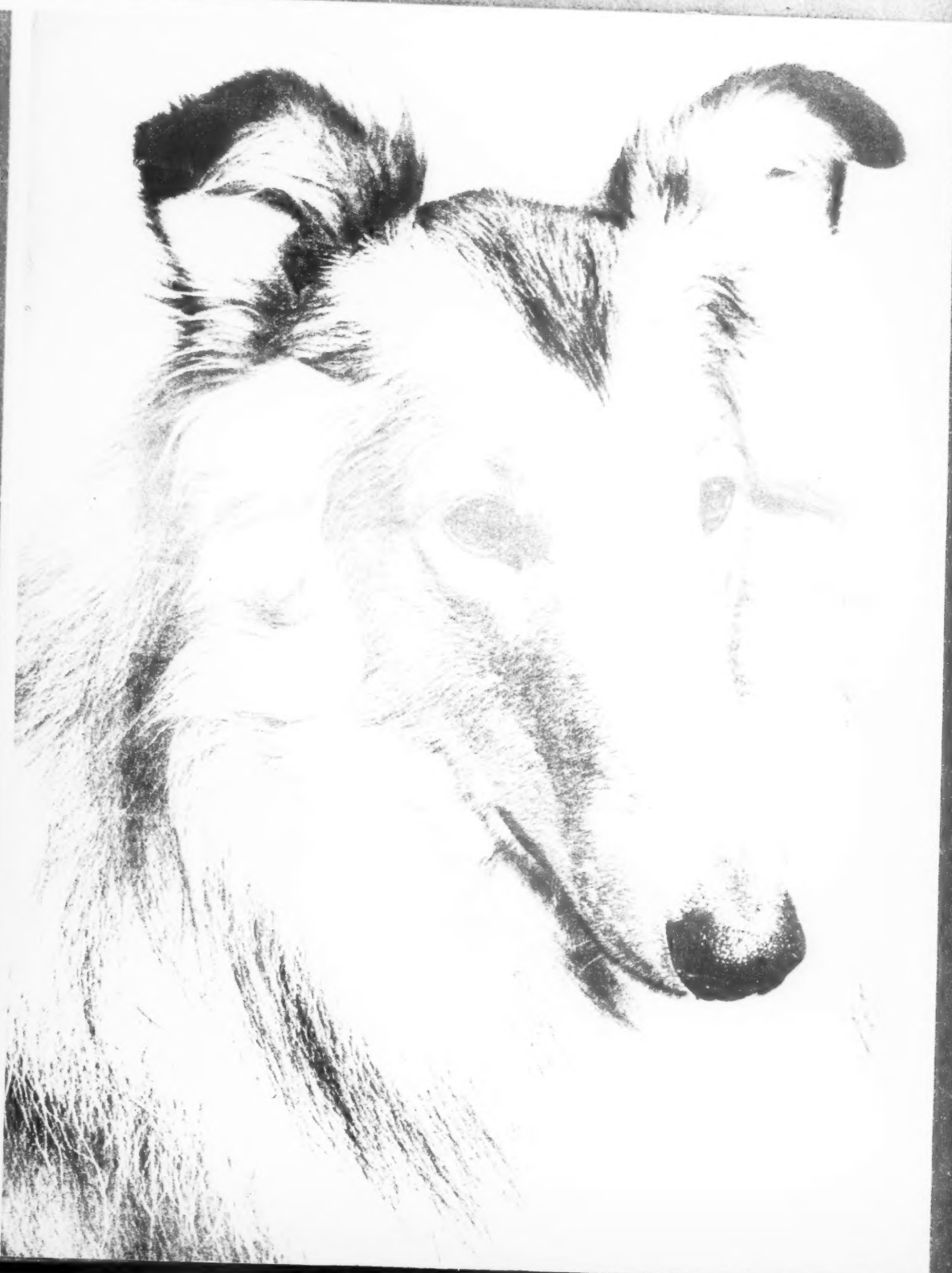
# OUR DUMB Animals

MARCH  
1956

HIS MAJESTY

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY  
for the  
PREVENTION of CRUELTY  
to ANIMALS  
and the  
AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by Dorothy A. Liner



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# Animals

MARCH, 1956

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868 - 1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910 - 1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

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AND  
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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

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## *“Happy Motoring!”*

**W**ITH the spring season rapidly approaching, it seems incumbent upon us to remind our readers — particularly those who drive automobiles — to respect the lives of our animal friends when they take to the highways during the coming months. Our reason for this admonition is prompted by the following pathetic incident which recently took place:

A little dog, struck by a heartless, hit-and-run-driver, was left on a busy highway to die—automobiles sped past without noticing the crumpled form and the agony endured by the animal. Finally, a kindly lady stopped her car and, upon witnessing the dog's suffering, hurried to a nearby telephone and called our Society. Of course, it was no time before one of our ambulances appeared on the scene and brought the injured little fellow to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital where, after expert veterinary treatment effected complete recovery, the dog was able to join his master.

Yes, the above is but one of hundreds of similar cases we handle in the course of a year—to be sure, not all caused by the ruthless, hit-and-run driver, for the majority of motorists respect the law by stopping at the scene of an accident and making known their identity. However, if every motorist would heed this word of warning and exercise a little extra caution when driving on the highways, how much happier and safer would be the lot of both driver and animal.

As the saying goes—“Happy Motoring!”—but, please, *not* at the expense of human and animal lives.

M. J. K.

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## Pooch and Boots

By Isabel Clayton

IT WAS a hot summer day when Joan and her playmate, Jean, thought of putting up the tent in the back yard. The tent was a large one with plenty of room for two cots, a folding table, four chairs, and a small rocker. They entertained some of the other children in the neighborhood with tea parties and often ate their lunch and dinner there.

Boots, the pet Persian cat, slept on the foot of Joan's cot most of the time. Pooch, Jean's dog, lay out under a tree close by. She was not much larger than the cat, and when she would poke her nose into the tent the cat would growl, then Pooch would go lie down again.

When a large dog came into the yard Boots would scoot up a tree in a hurry but would not allow any dog in the yard that was near her size. Pooch was safe as long as Jean was with her.

The girls decided they would like to sleep in the tent. Jean said she would sleep with Joan, but only if Pooch could stay inside the tent. They thought they would find out whether Boots would let her stay inside. Joan held the cat and Jean brought in the dog and put her on the end of the other cot.

The dog and cat eyed each other for some time, then Pooch looked up at Jean, whined and wagged her tail as though she was asking if it was safe for her to stay. Jean patted her head, then she settled down with an air of satisfaction.

When they were ready to go to bed, Jean called Pooch in. She jumped up on the cot and lay down. The cat opened her eyes, looked the situation over, re-curved herself and went to sleep again.

Next morning, about daylight, Boots decided it was time to get up and began to stretch eyeing the dog all this time. I imagine Pooch thought she better get out before she was chased out, so jumped down and went home. Boots stayed in the tent the greater part of the time, only coming in the house long enough to eat.

The girls slept in the tent many hot nights that summer with the cat and the dog on the ends of their cots, but Pooch always left at daylight and did not dare come into the tent or even into the yard without Jean.

# Society's Attitude Upheld

IN consequence of an attack made on our Society and The American Humane Association for their views on slaughterhouse reforms, the following prominent humanitarians and humane society representatives, at a meeting in Denver, Colorado, January 25, 1956 adopted resolutions unanimously upholding the attitudes of these two organizations:

Allan Gregg, Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Blair Claybaugh, Humane Society of Harrisburg, Harrisburg, Pa.; Earl Wentzel, Animal Rescue League of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Vosberg, Tulsa S. P. C. A., Tulsa, Okla.; Arthur Robinson, Columbus, Ohio; Margaret Pusey, Humane Society of Greater Miami, Miami, Fla.; Albert A. Pollard, American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass.; J. Seth Jones, Connecticut Humane Society, Hartford, Conn.; Arthur Amundsen, American S. P. C. A., New York, N. Y.; Ray Hinea, King County Humane Society, Seattle, Wash.; Katrina Kindel, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mel Morse, American Humane Association, Denver, Colo.; Fritz Grolock, Humane Society of Missouri, St. Louis, Mo.; Ray Naramore, Humane Society of Rochester & Monroe County, Rochester, N. Y.; William Rapp, Central New York S. P. C. A., Syracuse, N. Y.; George Kuhn, Hamilton County S. P. C. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.; A. J. Keller, Toledo Humane Society Toledo, Ohio; Richard Bonner, Department of Animal Regulation, Los Angeles, Calif.; William Sullivan, Erie County S. P. C. A., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Franklin Reeves, Dallas County Humane Society, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. Lurton Gottlieb, Federation of Florida Humane Societies; Rutherford T. Phillips, Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia, Pa.; Gerald Rogers, James Jack, Waldo McKinney and Herbert Martin, American Humane Association, Denver, Colo.; G. C. Willis, San Francisco S. P. C. A., San Francisco, Calif.; Burt Tabor, Animal Rescue League of Hennepin Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; George Crosier, Los Angeles S. P. C. A., Los Angeles, Calif.; Robert Siegler, Wisconsin Humane Society, Milwaukee, Wis.; George Riley, Rhode Island S. P. C. A., Providence, R. I.; Ernest Reynolds, Niagara County S. P. C. A., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; H. Treleaven, American Humane Association, New Orleans, La.; Cliff Johnson, Michigan Humane Society, Detroit, Mich.; Henry Leffingwell, Animal Protective League, Cleveland, Ohio; J. Robert Smith and John C. Macfarlane, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston, Mass.

The resolutions are as follows:

*WHEREAS, The American Humane Association and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. have been criticized for their attitude toward slaughterhouse reforms, and,*

*WHEREAS, both of these organizations have constantly worked to bring about the humane slaughter of our country's food animals,*

*BE IT RESOLVED that the undersigned representation of humane societies throughout the country, assembled here in Denver, January 25, 1956, wish to go on record as supporting the attitudes of The American Humane Association and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in relation to their stand as it pertains to the humane slaughter of food animals.*

\* \* \*

*RESOLVED that this assembly go on record as suggesting that John C. Macfarlane (if available) be appointed as the representative of the humane field, appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture to carry out the provisions of the proposed "Humphrey Humane Slaughter Bill."*

### SUPPORT THE HUMPHREY BILL SENATE BILL 1636

Senator Humphrey's amended bill will soon be read before the Senate. With two exceptions, this bill is excellent and the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. hopes that it will be passed. The two exceptions are as follows: (1) we believe that the Secretary of Agriculture should be empowered to extend the time for only one year, not five, and (2) we believe that to facilitate the carrying out of the suggested provisions in the bill, the member of the four-man committee representing The American Humane Association should be qualified to sit in council with the other three members. We would therefore strongly recommend to our members and subscribers that they write to Senator Humphrey in support of this bill providing that the time of extension be limited to one year and that The American Humane Association appoint as its representative a man who will be able to work harmoniously with all factions involved.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# One Of the Family

By Sandra Goldberg



Photo by Walter Chandoza

*Doodles, in one of his playful moods, romps out of doors on a sunny day.*

**D**OODLE came home. Whether it was an acute sense of "sniff" or an uncanny sense of direction that guided him safely back still remains a mystery to us.

He had never known another home. Born in the latter part of 1951, he was one of five coal-black kittens that Inky, our beautiful, ebony female bestowed upon us. He was our favorite. The most prominent feature of his anatomy was a bushy tail that curled over towards his back, like that of a monkey. It was such a comical sight that we named him Monkey Doodle, later shortened to Doodle. We decided to keep him and he soon became one of the family.

Unlike many cats, he was not the least bit independent. He seemed to favor me and loved to be crooned to and fondled.

Early in January 1955, we sadly came to the realization that one of our beloved cats would have to leave. Our other obligations had prevented us from giving them both as much attention as they needed. It was not an easy choice. Inky, the mother, who had been with us for many years was finally chosen to remain here. It was then necessary to find a suitable home for Doodle, who was now a husky, full-grown, male cat.

A kind woman, who loved animals and whose husband worked most of the day, offered to take him. She promised he would have a good home.

We were all unhappy about losing him. I was taking it a great deal harder than the others, for Doodle had long been regarded as being my particular cat. After two weeks without him, I could bear it no longer. I decided to take a chance and ask the woman to give him up. I wanted him back again, even if it meant cutting a few corners.

The following day, I drove the two and some-odd miles to the woman's house. I explained the reason for my visit and she graciously offered to give Doodles back to me—if I could find him! He had cried to be let out two nights before and when the door was opened he had run away.

I circled the neighborhood twice, all the while calling Doodle. The yards were well stocked with cats—white cats, striped cats, even black cats. But there wasn't a black cat with owl eyes and a tail that curled over his back.

I returned the next day and the day after that. Each time the search was a fruitless one. I asked people if they had seen him. None of them had. An advertisement that I placed in the "Lost and Found" column remained unanswered.

I tried to put Doodle out of my mind. But each time it snowed, each time a howling wind blew, I visualized a bewildered little black face.

The night of March 18 was crisp and clear. The evening meal was over and we were all gathered around the television set. At approximately 8:15 a faint scraping noise came from outside. The noise continued at closer intervals.

I finally volunteered to go outside and see what was causing it. There, on the front porch, thin, hair matted, but all in one piece sat Doodle. With a happy "meow", he got up and rubbed against my legs. The winter snows had not fazed him. Neither had the railroad tracks and heavy traffic he had had to encounter on his long walk home.

And now, as I watch him, healthy and contented, sleeping in a nearby chair, I know that he is, indeed, one of the family.

# Proverbs Made Alive



"Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

WHEN growing up we had a very wonderful Chinese cook. He delighted me with colorful stories of his far away homeland, and I especially liked his "wise sayings." He seemed to have a suitable proverb for any and all occasions. While I did not always understand their exact meanings, until later, they appealed to me because in most every one, an *animal* of some kind was mentioned. Just as far back as I can remember, I have had a great love and tender feeling for all animals.

In later years, recalling to mind some of the proverbs I had heard so often from the lips of our old cook, I was delighted to find that in many instances they were greatly similar to our popular adages.

After all, it makes little difference on which side of the earth people may live—they learn much from the so-called "Dumb

Animals," and very definite forcefulness is given to the ideas in the proverbs because of the references to certain animals and birds.

Some of the Chinese adages recalled from early childhood are:

"Powder and wash a *raven* until he is white, but he will not look white long," is the Chinese way of conveying the idea that one cannot cover up his true character and appear to be what he is not for very long. Our similar adage is: "A leopard cannot change his spots."

Sometimes when we wish to describe a person who is given over to talking too much, we say of him, "his tongue is loose at both ends and tied in the middle," but the Chinese say it this way: "He is a long *worm* with two brain bags." And when a person talks on a subject of which he knows little, if anything, about, it is said of him: "A striped green *frog* in a well should not discuss the sky," or "A summer *insect* should never converse about snow and ice" . . .

According to a Chinese adage, "After a word has been spoken, it is impossible for four *horses* to catch up with it," meaning that there is no power which can recall spoken words.

The Chinese loafer is never admonished by saying to him, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," but instead he is probably told that "the *silkworm* spins silk; the *bee* makes honey; *rodents* gather food for winter."

According to the Chinese proverb, "People gather together with those of their own kind; *birds* fly with their own flocks," which is almost the same as our familiar maxim, "birds of a feather flock together."

Due to their great part in cultivating the fields, cattle are greatly valued in China; however, they are considered quite stupid. Therefore, a person who may have been on a somewhat foolish errand is said "to have been playing a lute to an *ox*."

Our adage of "It is never too late to mend one's ways," has an almost exact duplicate in that of the Chinese, which is: "Having lost one *sheep*, if you but take the trouble to mend the fence, it is not yet too late."

According to the Chinese, "Thinking to sit on a high peg, the woodpecker flies to the top of the flagpole," has reference to the person who has undue desire for some lofty position. And it is said of a person who may fall short of his ambition that he "tried to paint a picture of a *tiger*, but it turned out to be only a poor drawing of a *dog*."

Our old adage of "nothing ventured, nothing gained," does not seem so animated as the Chinese version of: "If you do not go into the *tiger's* den, how can you catch the tiger's son?"

Due to the almost reverential respect the Chinese have for the mythical Phoenix bird, comes this wise saying, "From a *chicken's* grass nest, a *Phoenix* will not come," meaning, according to our interpretation, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The proverb concerning loyalty is aptly described in "A good *horse* cannot carry two masters." And also this one concerning "bad companions" is most appropriate—"Expect to feel the sharp claws of the *tiger*, if you take up quarters in his den."

An expressive way of saying that everything is suited to its purpose is found in the Chinese adage of "A crane's leg may be long, but you cannot make it shorter without misery to the crane."



**M**R. BLUE is an opportunist. He knows exactly what he wants and how to go about getting it. First, he'll try charm—rolling his eyes, looking coy. If that doesn't work, he'll fall back on his repertoire of tricks to win his point. When and if these fail, he's not above resorting to methods which, if he were human, would land him squarely in the "pokey."

Usually, Mr. Blue's tastes lean toward the simple things, and he's satisfied with a pat on the head, the lion's share of a cookie, or somebody's cat. But let him nose out a good thing, as in the case of Mary Allen, and he never knows when to call it a day.

The Allens are city people who like the idea of farming, but who are unwilling to live in the type of house common to our locale. So, storing all but the barest necessities for housekeeping, they set to work tearing down partitions and ripping out windows, all of which meant living in chaos during the reconstruction period.

Knowing from experience how difficult it is to prepare meals under these conditions, I made a practice of cooking a little extra and carrying the dish to our new neighbors.

Mr. Blue always went along—sometimes he'd carry the hot rolls in a paper bag, or the day before's paper. But whether he carried gifts, or simply went along for the walk, he let it be known that he expected something in return for his time and efforts.

At first, Mary obliged with a snack, but as their work progressed and they began making plans which included a dog and cat of their own, she worked out a method that would pay Mr. Blue for his pains, and at the same time discourage him from visiting her back porch when their animals came.

After each meal, she'd wrap the scraps in waxed paper, put them in a paper bag and tie the bag with a string. At his departure, Mr. Blue was given the bundle and sent on his way. Back home, I'd unwrap the treat and empty it into his bowl.

This exchange of gifts and tidbits had been going on upwards of three weeks, when I got up one morning to find one of my house slippers missing. I looked for it in the likely places, which included Mr. Blue's bed, but it was nowhere in sight.

Later in the day, when I needed my canvas gloves, I couldn't find them. The next morning the hammer was gone, also a small bag of egg shells and coffee grounds which I'd laid aside to burn. And this was only the beginning. Everything on the place, it seemed, had suddenly taken legs and walked away. I'd put something down and five minutes later it would be gone. At the end of the week I was ready to call in a psychiatrist. Absentmindedness such as this seemed to indicate a disturbed mind or senility—possibly both.

Coupled with the annoyance of failing memory, was the increasing amount of litter I was finding in our front yard. Every morning it was the same. Empty cottage cheese, cream and butter cartons, all showing the marks of big teeth. I blamed the mess on Sheila, who, although rolling in fat, has never had enough to eat and who makes a daily tour of the neighborhood, picking up what she can.

I was, in fact, scolding her for being a scavenger, when I saw Mary Allen coming down the road. I surmised by her lowered head and decisive steps that something was wrong. When she spoke, there was no doubt about it.

"Who is the practical joker in the neighborhood?" she demanded, her eyes shooting sparks.

I shook my head, wondering what this was all about.

# "Mr. Blue" Opportunist

by Ina Louez Morris



What Mr. Blue wants, Mr. Blue gets—by hook or by crook.

"Well, whoever he is, he certainly has a perverted sense of humor. You should see my back porch every morning. Littered with all kinds of stuff—even garbage! And that isn't all. Whoever is being funny, is also stealing our cream and cheese."

"Oh, come now," I said, thinking she was going too far. "We've lived here three years and never missed a thing . . ." About that time I chanced to look down at the trash I'd been collecting and a light began to dawn. "You say you find all sorts of things on your porch? Like what?"

"Old shoes, gloves, a man's hat—junk like that."

"And an almost new hammer?"

"Mary's eyes widened. Why, yes. How . . ."

"There's your culprit," I said, indicating Mr. Blue, and despite the seriousness of the situation, I couldn't help but laugh, "and I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't think his loot was quite adequate as a means of exchange. Come in. I'll give you a check to cover your loss."

"I'll settle for a cup of coffee," Mary said.

By the time we'd finished our second cup, Mary was seeing the humor of the situation. "What a character!" she laughed. "And I thought somebody in the neighborhood didn't like us."

"Nonsense," I said. "Nobody around here would pull a stunt like that, but our Mr. Blue, and in spite of evidence to the contrary, I'm sure he adores you." And as if to bear me out, Mr. Blue laid his big head in Mary's lap.

## Chimney Sweep Extraordinary

By Anita Wild

**W**INKUM was a high-bred lady. Her glossy black coat, shapely head, and dainty feet assured us of that. But somewhere far back in her feline ancestry there must have been a rake. An intelligent and aristocratic rake, to be sure; but one from whom Winkum inherited her loose ways and roaming habits.

Shortly after coming to live with us, Winkum began staying out most of the night, returning to the house about four o'clock in the morning. Finding the doors and windows closed against her, she would register her indignation by clambering up and down the screens of our bedroom. In protest against this disturbance, we placed barriers over the screens and for two nights had perfect peace. Winkum slept outside in the cold, if she slept at all, and we congratulated ourselves on outwitting the young lady so easily.

On the third morning my husband had occasion to rise early and go to the kitchen. He came hurrying back, an astonished expression on his face.

"Winkum is in her box in the kitchen," he announced.

"No," I cried, flinging back the covers and reaching for my bedroom slippers. "How could she get in?"

"I'd like to know myself," he replied and hurried out to check the doors and windows. Upon my husband's return he reported everything tightly closed; as the house was newly built, the possibility of unsuspected openings was remote. We were still puzzling over the matter when I happened to go into the living room. There the secret was exposed by little tell-tale ash tracks that led from the cold fireplace across the carpet to the kitchen door, where they were lost on the linoleum. It was we who had been outwitted, for Winkum had come down the wide Cape Cod chimney and, apparently, was finding it difficult to clean the soot from her black coat.

This entry was not a chance discovery that Winkum had made in the desperation of a cold night outside. It was a planned invasion. I had seen the cat the day before, walk almost into the fireplace and look appraisingly up the chimney. I gave no significance to the matter then. I know better now. Our frustrated little chimney sweep had had an idea.

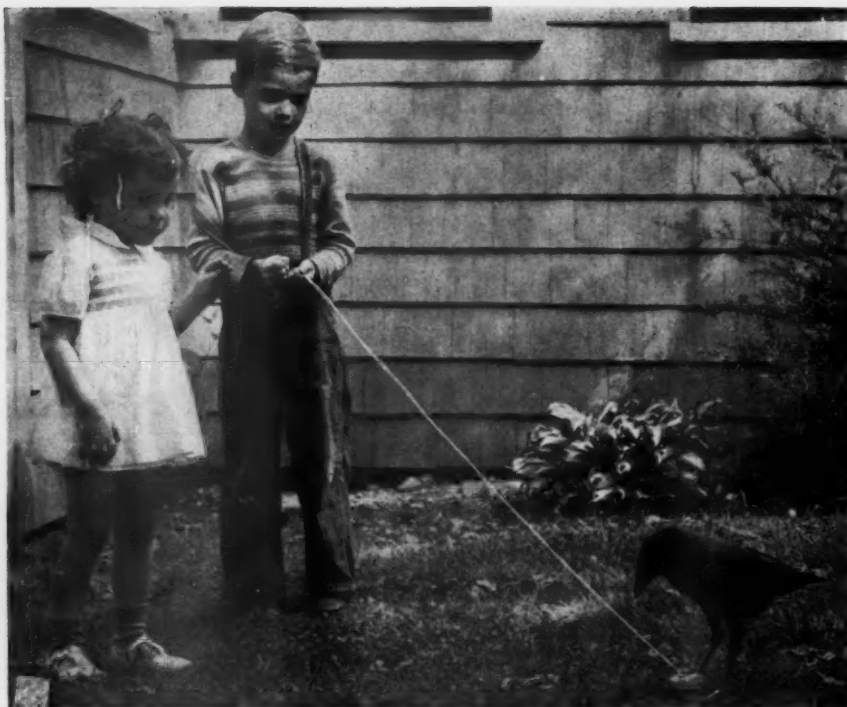


Photo by Vincent Igo

James A. Crow is welcomed by Carol Ann Gorman and Donald Sanford.

## Gentlemen of Distinction

**T**HE story of this gentleman of distinction, James A. Crow, appeared originally in *The Foxboro Reporter* and it, with the picture, was very kindly sent to us by the paper's editor, James Clark Samuel.

It seems that this crow made a three-point landing in Foxboro, Massachusetts, one weekend. Almost immediately he became one of the town's outstanding citizens and seemed to have adopted Foxboro as his home.

The first thing the paper heard about this visitor from the blue was when an excited lady called on the telephone. The lady, between breaths, told the editor about an educated crow that had all the children in her neighborhood eating out of his claws, so to speak. The crow had fluttered into the midst of a group of children, looked them over, promptly snatched a balloon from one of them and flew away with the balloon.

The effrontery of James A. Crow entranced the children, and being a man of distinction, quite receptive to sympathetic applause, he quickly returned for a repeat performance. One by one the

children offered him presents. He took them, flew away and returned for more.

The paper sent out a photographer to get Mr. Crow's picture and it was thought that that would be the last of the black bird. However, on Monday noon, the editor saw him again in *The Common* and also learned that during the morning he had visited a home nearby and pulled clothespins from most of a week's wash on the line.

Says Mr. Samuel, "The crow actually became a fixture around town. Everybody was delighted with his antics. He was a real comedian. I was walking through the *Common* one day and he decided to indulge in some dive bombing. He kept diving at my head and just as he reached the top of my balding dome, he would zoom off, chattering and squawking and having a fine time for himself. I sat down on a bench and he hopped beside me and started to examine my pockets. He disappeared from town as quickly as he appeared. It seems certain that he was somebody's pet crow, but we miss him very much. He was as good as any vaudeville act I ever saw."





Boots and her buddies.

## Adventures of "Boots"

By Grace F. Thomson

OUR fourteen-year-old fox terrier who could do everything but talk, had died. The family was bereft and for days its members could scarcely smile at one another.

We agreed that we were not going to go through all that again with another dog — dog hair always mussing up the house and the car, veterinary bills, the problem of what to do with the dog when on vacations.

Secretly, we each knew that it would be only a matter of a few lonesome weeks until we would have another dog of some sort. Then, somebody broke the ice by suggesting that we acquire a pedigreed fox terrier puppy at a steep price.

Cruising home from the office in the thick traffic, I turned on the car radio and was astonished to hear some very authentic "woof, woofs." The Dog Finder program was on the air. The announcer described some lost and unwanted dogs at the local humane society,

among them a toy fox terrier puppy named Boots. "She is a shy little lady," he said. I was touched by the description.

My mother and I hastened to the humane society. After seeing a number of stray, but well-tended dogs, we asked to see Boots. She was isolated in the puppy ward and when we got there, we found that she was a black-and-white midget of a dog with her head buried in her paws.

She wouldn't look up or stand up. She appeared ill and heart broken. We paid her license fee and took her, anyway. You see, she was a little beauty.

At the shelter we acquired the address of her former owner and then went home. When we arrived there, Boots just wouldn't eat. She ran and hid. She coughed. Next morning, it was very evident that we had acquired a sick animal.

"Veterinary bills again," thought I, but it didn't seem to matter to me now.

The doctor said that Boots had a bad

cold and was very homesick. She continued to refuse food and he had to force feed her. Four days later, we brought her home, but she was still very quiet and frightened.

It was then that we telephoned her former owner to ascertain why anyone in his right mind would give up such a pet. Boots was obviously heart broken. We were informed that they were going on their vacation and they couldn't take a dog along. Also, we learned that our nine pound puppy was in reality a full grown dog of one year. We told them, then, to stay away from our door and never come to see her. They had done enough to her already.

Boots was slow to forget her former home, but with kind treatment, her heart was eventually mended. She leaps and plays all day, now, with our yellow tomcat, Peanut. Peanut is larger than Boots, but Boots, nevertheless, is the boss. She sits up every morning for bacon and brings her harness, begging for a ride in the car or a run in the park.

And while her heart was being made whole again, so was ours. We had a pal.

## Tragedy in Morocco

A RECENT case described to us in a letter from Superintendent Delon of the American Fondouk in Fez, Morocco points up only too vividly the need of animal protection and education in that country.

A colt was found in a dying condition at one of the city's gates—dying from want of food and water and from exposure. Unfortunately the poor creature was too gone to save and died upon reaching the gate of the Fondouk.

There is so much to do there and so little with which to do it! As we have said before the Fondouk is the only oasis of help and mercy for these animals, carried on solely by contributions from American friends.

Won't you send your contribution for this work to W. A. Swallow, Treasurer, American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. All such gifts will be forwarded promptly to Morocco for this worthy cause.

Lassie's boss tells . . .

# How You Can Train Your Dog

Lassie learns how to sit up.



Rudd Weatherwax teaches Lassie how to carry a newspaper.

Lassie learns to hold a paper in her mouth.



**R**UDD WEATHERWAX is the trainer and owner of Lassie, canine star of movies and now of her own television show. Lassie came to the Weatherwax home a harum-scarum eight-month-old pup, but within a few years Lassie—actually a male—was earning a fortune.

There is no guarantee that every dog can become a star actor just by training alone. According to Weatherwax, Lassie's personality and aptitude are somewhat unusual. But every dog can be trained to be a well-behaved pet and an obedient one.

An elementary education in obedience is the beginning. For training materials, you will need a 10-foot leash, or rope, and a pocket full of tasty tid-bits which your dog enjoys.

The first step is house breaking and even the talented Lassie was ignorant of this refinement. Weatherwax started by using a large box as Lassie's home. When he couldn't watch her, he put her in the box and barred her exit. She soon learned that if she used her own living quarters improperly, her keen sense of smell made the situation highly unpleasant. Soon she began to adjust her needs to those times that Weatherwax took her out of the box.

When she conformed to the routine set for her, a gentle pat on the head and a prized tid-bit told her she had done the right thing. By allowing her out after every meal, the situation soon became routine.

The second lesson in a young dog's life comes when he starts chewing on strange objects—shoes, furniture, socks, etc. This is a natural instinct with dogs. Transferring his attention to rubber balls and toys, while keeping other objects out of his way, will soon cure him of this. If he misbehaves, a few light strokes with a folded newspaper and a stern reprimand, "No, no, no!" will let him know of your disapproval.

That "No, no, no!" by the way, spoken sharply and a tap with the newspaper, is *all the punishment any dog should ever receive*. Hurting him is unforgivable and will completely ruin any chances of winning his cooperation—let alone his affection.

Leaping at people is another habit a dog quickly acquires. It's his way of showing affection. One of the best ways of curing this is to grab his front paws as he jumps and walk him backward at a fast pace. He will drop down immediately and a few repetitions will serve to make your pet give up this performance.

Running after cars was one of Lassie's worst faults. After a number of experiments, Weatherwax finally cured her by tying her to a post near the highway. After lunging at several cars and being pulled back abruptly, Lassie began to get the idea that this was another practice frowned upon.

These lessons are preliminary to any further dog training. When your dog has acquired these, you can send him to "high school." Learning to come when called,

Lassie's favorite game is hide-and-go-seek.



Teaching Lassie a complicated trick.



"Stand up" is another command Lassie learned to know.

obeying the command "heel!"—which is to keep even with the trainer's pace — learning to sit, lie down and to stay at the owner's command are the five basic lessons that constitute a dog's more advanced training.

In training Lassie to "come" when called, she was first outfitted with a collar and leash and walked around the yard. She was then called by name, together with the command "come!"—at the same time Weatherwax tugged gently on the leash. Lassie soon learned to associate the word with the action. When she reached her trainer's side, she was praised and given a tid-bit.

And, by the way, never command your dog to "come!" when you are going to scold him. This will completely defeat your purpose. If you must scold him for something, go to *him*.

To teach your dog to "heel!" shorten the leash until he is precisely by your side. Whenever he pulls or drags, repeat the command "heel!" and bring him sharply backward or forward. By using the "No, no, no!" technique at the same time and rewarding him when he obeys, you will find your pet soon coming to understand you.

Weatherwax taught Lassie to sit in the following manner: Facing the dog he held the leash in one hand a few inches above Lassie's collar, thus holding her head up and her front legs straight. With his free hand, he pushed down gently on her hind quarters while commanding,

"sit!" The pressure is continued and the command repeated until Lassie obeys.

Usually, as the hand was removed, she started to rise. She was immediately pushed down again and "sit!" repeated. After she is seated, she is patted and rewarded as usual. By the way, don't use the words "sit down!" as a command. It will confuse your dog with the fourth lesson which is "lie down!"

To accomplish that, Lassie was placed in a sitting position with the leash under her neck. Her trainer pulled down gently with one hand while with his other he pulled her front legs forward, at the same time commanding "lie down!" As Lassie was forced down, she became nervous. This was a new experience and she seemed worried about what might happen. But once down, she was held there while her trainer patted her reassuringly. A tid-bit was given while she was in the prone position and she was patted until her nervousness vanished. After many repeated efforts, you will find your dog drop easily to the ground at your command.

Lesson five, to "stay," will take unusual patience. Normally, a dog will not understand why you do not want him with you. To accomplish this, Weatherwax backs away a few feet, loosens the leash so as not to draw Lassie near and commands, "stay!" when she gets up or moves from her position as she did a number of times. Patiently, the operation was repeated until she learned to remain put, whereupon the lavish praise, patting and reward was extended.

Once your dog has learned these basics, be sure to keep him in practice every day. Soon you will have a well-disciplined and happy dog and your whole family will be more pleased with him.

There are other tricks you can teach him—simple ones like sitting up, shaking hands, and other elementary canine performances. But the principles given here can easily be applied once you have the method in mind.

One final word about caring for your dog. Be sure he is kept healthy; a weak or sick animal has little interest in learning. Consult a reputable veterinarian for advice on diets. A sound dog-training program includes the following rules:

1. Never run or shout at him. He can be completely upset or even made neurotic by such treatment.
2. Only one person should train a dog at the beginning.
3. Don't allow a dog to get tired. When he begins to show signs of fatigue, let him relax.
4. Always show approval by patting gently on the head and speaking soft and encouraging words; add a tid-bit when he gives an extra good performance.
5. Have a regular training period—not more than an hour a day. And when he begins to show resistance—stop. Don't make training a chore for him.
6. Don't drink or smoke before or while training your animal. These are smells that dogs don't like.



# Thoroughly Female

By Sally Oston

**M**Y DAISY is thoroughly female. She is a flirt, a minx, an angel. She is so vain that at times, when I tell her how pretty she is, I think she is going to burst. Many times, she acts as if no amount of praise or flattery is enough for her merits. My husband laughs at her and has dubbed her "Mad-am Queen."

There is one thing about her femininity that tickles me. When I am dressing to go out, she will sit down and watch me from a short distance if I am putting on slacks. However, if I put on stockings, a silk or lace petticoat, she brushes against the lingerie as much as she can. It seems that she likes the sensation of the soft things. She likes powder and perfume, and sniffs the air like a connoisseur when it is being used.

Her love of flimsy underclothes does cause embarrassing moments. When I get on an elevator, my luxury-loving companion more often than not puts her cold nose against some unsuspecting lady's leg and rubs against her stockings or slip. I do not know where she picked up this trick, but I have been unable to break her of the habit. I am more surprised when I do not hear a little shriek and questioning, "What was that?" than when there is no reaction at all. Do you know how a cold, wet nose feels on the lower part of your leg? Tickles, doesn't it?

And does Daisy just eat up sympathy! In our home, as in most, we have put down small rugs at the vital spots. Daisy has taken complete possession of each and every one of them. She thinks they were put out for her comfort.

When I am in the kitchen, she lies on the mat at the back door. When I take a bath, she pushes open the door, comes in, and settles herself most efficiently on

the bathroom rug. Occasionally, I can leave a room, and she is so completely asleep that she remains alone.

One evening, I had gone into the den, leaving her sound asleep in the kitchen. Suddenly I heard three blood-curdling howls. At the very least, it sounded as if someone were strangling Daisy. I could not get there fast enough. When I knelt down beside her, she did not move. I felt her chest to see if she were still breathing. She was, to my relief. Then I sat down on the floor and patted my lap which was the usual invitation to be seated there. She got up and hobbled to me. I felt to see what had happened and discovered that she had caught one of her fetters in a link of her collar and could not get it free. Obviously, she had moved in her sleep and pulled the nail quite painfully.

I wanted to see if she had really hurt herself seriously, so I took an apple from the refrigerator. This perked her up enough to entice her to walk the length of the kitchen. I put the apple in the center of the table and she got up on the bench to get nearer to it. I knew then that she was all right, gave her the apple and thought that was that.

About an hour later, the 'phone rang. I answered and was talking away when a moist, cold nose poked me very quietly. She sat on the rug in front of me, held out her paw and made a small mewing cry, almost as if she were a kitten. My fifty-four pound, fully-grown, capable Daisy was making a positive bid for sympathy.

Pretender? Shamster? I wonder now if she were hoping for another apple to soothe her jangled nerves.

*Editor's note: See our April issue for further adventures of Daisy.*

## Strange Friends

By Farley Manning

**M**ANY stories are told of unusual friendships which have sprung up between dogs and other animals. Dogs and horses generally get along well together and many trainers of race horses insist on having a dog around the stable because of the quieting effect on their high-spirited charges.

Newspapers frequently carry stories of canine mothers who have adopted families of another species, including kittens and even baby chicks. Stories have been recorded of many cat-and-dog friendships, but seldom has a tale of a dog's loyalty to another animal come to light which matches this one:

The Olson family lives in a suburban village not far from New York City with their two pets. Trigger is a lean, black and white English setter who spends every waking hour roaming the nearby woods and fields. Silver is the biggest white rabbit you ever saw and was usually content to stay in her hutch hour after hour munching on clean raw carrots and lettuce leaves.

One day recently, the Olsons discovered that Silver was missing. They searched diligently through the surrounding woodland area without finding a trace of their lost pet. Fearful that their extremely tame rabbit would become an easy victim of a fox, they called in all the neighborhood children to help seek Silver, but two days went by with no results.

Perhaps you have guessed the end of the story. Yes, on the third day, Mr. and Mrs. Olson were sitting on their porch when they spied a tired and bedraggled Trigger, the English setter, laboriously making his way to the house. Firmly, but as gently as a mother cat carrying a kitten, he was holding the puzzled rabbit by the nape of its neck. The condition of the dog's coat indicated that he must have carried his rabbit friend a good distance and his action certainly proved that friendship crosses many barriers in animal life, even as it does among us humans.

## Terrier Tactics

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

*He's pathetically slow  
To leave my chair,  
But look at him go  
To beat me there!*

## No Private Property

*When I get to my chair  
And you're curled cutely there,  
Who could care that  
You're a trespassing cat!*

## Is There a Child?

— on your gift list who wouldn't be thrilled to get something through the mail addressed especially to him (or her)?  
— who wouldn't love you for giving him a subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*?



Here is Schoolie with a balloon.

## He Figured It Out

By Winn Deering

WHILE his folks were on a three weeks vacation in Florida, Schoolie, a cute little black cocker belonging to Jonathan Booher, of Washington, D. C., stayed with them in a motel on the beach. When they went into the water, they left Schoolie on a "down-stay" on a beach towel under a huge umbrella.

Schoolie was obedience trained and always stayed quietly where he was left, until his folks went into deep water. Then, he seemed to sense danger and got very uneasy and would whimper and cry and call anxiously, but never noisily. When they returned to safe depths, he was satisfied and would settle down quietly again, although he never took his eyes off his master.

When they left him in the motel room, they would come back to find Schoolie on a chair looking out the window. They could not figure out how the chair got up against the window from its usual position in the room and asked the cleaning woman about it.

She told them she had one day caught Schoolie standing up on his hind feet and throwing his weight against his front feet on the side of the chair, thus moving it a little at a time over to the window where he promptly hopped up, sat down, leaned his elbows on the arm and looked out the window, patiently awaiting the return of his beloved master and mistress.

Yes, he figured it out.

# St. Patrick Loved Animals

By Jewell Casey

MARCH 17, the anniversary of the death of St. Patrick, patron saint of Ireland, is the day on which the Irish commemorate their great national saint. For over fourteen centuries this same spirit of reverence for his memory has survived in the hearts of Irish men and Irish women in every part of the world.

It is interesting to note some of the outstanding characteristics that have caused the memory of this noble man to remain alive down through the ages. Although we have to rely almost entirely on legends, we find that this great missionary was a lover of animals, as well as of mankind.

The first mention we find of him was when as a young lad he was taking care of a flock of sheep near his home in England. It was here that a roving band of Irish raiders carried him to Ireland and sold him into slavery.

The next legend says he was a swine-herd, or tender of hogs. Later he was put in charge of a herd of cattle and then given the care of a flock of sheep.

While tending the sheep he was permitted to take his flocks over hills and vales and while out with his beloved charges he learned to play the flute. He became so proficient that the wild birds would gather around and listen in silence to the sweet notes from his flute.

During the six years that Patrick was a slave, he devoted many hours to prayer and became subject to religious visions and dreams, making his years of servitude less miserable.

Finally, the opportunity came he had long awaited and he escaped from his cruel master. Reaching the coast, he boarded a vessel that was going to France.

Once again he was to have the care of animals. However, this time instead of gentle sheep, it was a cargo of very vicious dogs. Possessing an unexplainable power over animals, he had no trouble with the dogs. In fact, by talking to them they became calmed and docile. When the ship reached the French port, the

dog-tender was not permitted to leave the ship. It would be difficult, indeed, to find another crew member who could handle the fierce dogs in such a manner.

Patrick had escaped one master only to fall into the hands of another. So, the ship sailed with the dogs and their caretaker, but eventually he once more escaped from slavery.

After a long and painful journey he made his way back to the home of his youth. However, according to legend, he did not remain long because of the recurring dream that he should return to Ireland to look after the Lord's sheep and convert them to Christianity. It is said, "there were no Christians in Ireland when St. Patrick started his great work and no pagans when he died."

St. Patrick is the subject of a great many colorful legends, but perhaps the most widely known is the one of his banishing all reptiles from Ireland. The legend is similar in significance to the dragon stories of the Orient, symbolizing the conquest of good over evil and the triumph of Christianity over paganism.

In Christian art the Patron Saint of Ireland is conventionally represented with a serpent at his feet. In depicting St. Patrick in memorial windows and statues he is almost always shown as a young man with his beloved sheep, thereby symbolizing the child-like humility of this beloved saint.



"I keep seeing spots before my eyes."

# Eighty-Eighth Annual Report

For the Year Ending December 31, 1955

ONCE again we have found that the reports of work done by our Society and its various departments have reached such a volume that we are again planning to publish these in booklet form. We are, therefore, confining ourselves in this issue to statistical reports of our activities.

We do wish to take this opportunity to thank most sincerely our many friends who have helped us morally and financially to carry on the huge work of animal protection which we have undertaken despite the ever-increasing costs of operation. Without such aid we could not possibly continue our ever-increasing program.

## ANIMALS TREATED IN BOSTON HOSPITAL DURING 1955

Hospital cases	11,011
Dispensary	15,081
Operations	3,665
Northampton St. Animal Clinic	6,958

## ANIMALS TREATED IN SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL DURING 1955

Hospital cases	4,967
Dispensary	10,870
Operations	1,931

## ANIMALS TREATED IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD-NANTUCKET CLINIC DURING 1955

Hospital cases	1,491
Dispensary	3,288
Operations	293
Outside calls	264

## SUMMARY

Total cases treated in Boston	26,092
Total cases treated in Springfield	15,837
Total cases treated in Martha's Vineyard-Nantucket	5,043
	46,972
Cases in Hospital since opening, March 1, 1915	400,069
Cases in Dispensary since opening, March 1, 1915	922,977
	1,323,046

## REPORT OF CHIEF PROSECUTING OFFICER FOR THE ENTIRE STATE Herman N. Dean, Chief Officer

Complaints investigated	1,906
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	43,787
(at abattoirs, stockyards, railroad yards)	765,599
(at 166 auctions)	13,503
Total animals inspected	822,889
Prosecutions	12
Convictions	11
Ambulance calls	14,110
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	1,382
(placed in homes)	6,133
(humanely put to sleep)	41,740

Horses (taken from work)	25
(humanely put to sleep)	46
Total animals handled	49,326
Mileage	277,172

## BOSTON SHELTER

Complaints investigated	791
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	11,588
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	710,266
(at 6 auctions)	138
Total animals inspected	727,992
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Ambulance calls	5,960
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	186
(placed in homes)	2,067
(humanely put to sleep)	10,456
Horses (taken from work)	0
(humanely put to sleep)	8
Total animals handled	12,717
Mileage	77,953

## SPRINGFIELD SHELTER

Charles B. Marsh, T. King Haswell,  
Harry Smith,  
Prosecuting Officers

Complaints investigated	428
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	4,448
at abattoirs, railroad yards and stockyards)	45,071
(at 84 auctions)	8,993
Total animals inspected	58,512
Prosecutions	3
Convictions	3
Ambulance calls	1,777
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	812
(placed in homes)	2,595
(humanely put to sleep)	11,293
Horses (taken from work)	10
(humanely put to sleep)	3
Total animals handled	14,712
Mileage	36,299

## PITTSFIELD SHELTER

T. King Haswell, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	111
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	6,793
Total animals inspected	6,793
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Ambulance calls	2,065
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	53
(placed in homes)	314
(humanely put to sleep)	4,656
Horses (taken from work)	2
(humanely put to sleep)	1
Total animals handled	5,026
Mileage	27,183

## BRISTOL AND PLYMOUTH COUNTIES

Charles E. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	195
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	9,083
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	535
(at 31 auctions)	2,269
Total animals inspected	11,887
Prosecutions	3
Convictions	2
Ambulance calls	6
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	49
(placed in homes)	4
(humanely put to sleep)	49

Horses (taken from work)	5
(humanely put to sleep)	1
Total animals handled	108
Mileage	30,123

## BROCKTON SHELTER

Herbert C. Liscomb, Shelter Manager

Ambulance calls	995
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	21
(placed in homes)	167
(humanely put to sleep)	5,290
Total animals handled	5,478
Mileage	9,909

## HYANNIS SHELTER

Harold G. Andrews, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	30
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	524
Ambulance calls	565
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	3
(placed in homes)	1
(humanely put to sleep)	941
Horses humanely put to sleep	1
Total animals handled	946
Mileage	28,023

## WENHAM SHELTER

John T. Brown, Prosecuting Officer

Complaints investigated	106
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	1,938
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	137
(at 31 auctions)	1,385
Total animals inspected	3,460
Prosecutions	1
Convictions	1
Ambulance calls	60
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	13
(placed in homes)	29
(humanely put to sleep)	1,068
Horses (taken from work)	8
(humanely put to sleep)	8
Total animals handled	1,126
Mileage	15,375

## METHUEN SHELTER

Joseph E. Haswell, Superintendent

Ambulance calls	2,185
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	83
(placed in homes)	755
(humanely put to sleep)	5,982
Horses humanely put to sleep	18
Total animals handled	8,923
Mileage	23,314

## WORCESTER COUNTY

Harry C. Smith, Prosecuting Officer  
Archie Hollows, Fitchburg Shelter

Complaints investigated	149
Animals inspected	
(on investigations)	9,304
(at abattoirs and stockyards)	3,590
(at 14 auctions)	718
Total animals inspected	13,612
Prosecutions	3
Convictions	3
Ambulance calls	412
Small animals	
(returned to owners)	6
(placed in homes)	34
(humanely put to sleep)	1,105
Horses (taken from work)	0
(humanely put to sleep)	4
Total animals handled	1,149
Mileage	20,237



<b>MARTHA'S VINEYARD SHELTER</b>	
<b>W. D. Jones, D. V. M., Prosecuting Officer</b>	
<b>George Jackson, Shelter Manager</b>	
Complaints investigated .....	56
Animals inspected	
(on investigations) .....	109
Small animals	
(returned to owners) .....	113
(placed in homes) .....	120
(humanely put to sleep) .....	692
Total animals handled .....	925
Mileage .....	7,849

<b>NANTUCKET SHELTER</b>	
<b>Ernest S. Lema, Jr., Shelter Manager</b>	
Complaints investigated .....	0
Ambulance calls .....	85
Small animals	
(returned to owners) .....	44
(placed in homes) .....	47
(humanely put to sleep) .....	208
Total animals handled .....	301
Prosecutions .....	0
Convictions .....	0
Horses humanely put to sleep ..	2
Mileage .....	4,770

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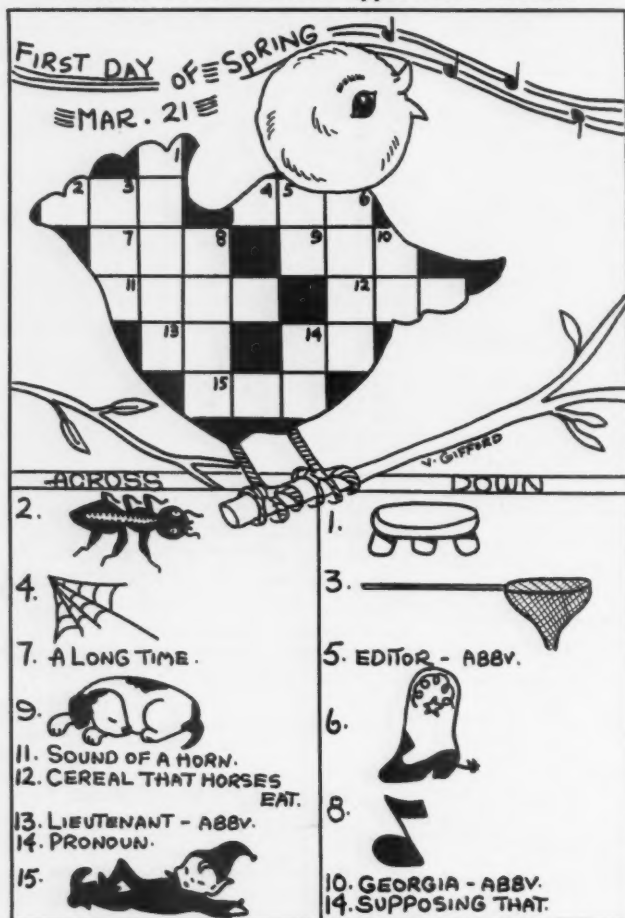
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# CHILDREN'S



Answers To Puzzle Will Appear Next Month.



Answers to February Puzzle: Across—1. cake, 4. cup, 5. Sun, 6. peck, 8. R. I., 9. doom, 11. two, 12. Mt. Down—1. cupid, 2. ape, 3. Eskimo, 7. crow, 10. O. T.

## An Easter Story

By a grade-4 pupil in Reading, Mass.

ONE Easter I was given by the Easter Bunny two little yellow baby ducks. I raised them by feeding them mash and lettuce. I fixed their cage by putting in new saw dust and every day I gave them water. When they got too big for their cage I wondered what we would do with them. Finally we thought of finding a friendly farmer who would raise them. Mr. DeMar said he would take good care of them for me. I wish everyone would try to find a good home for their Easter pets if you cannot keep them when they get big.

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## Bird Calls

By Clarence M. Lindsay

Every bird in the forest hall  
Has a different sort of vocal call.

Maryland Yellow-Throat, wildwood rover,  
Cries: "Witchity Witchity!"—over and over!

The Myrtle Warbler gives one a thrill  
With "Tchip—tchip—tchip!" Then a cheery trill!

Rosebreasted Grosbeak, perched on a thistle,  
Chirps: "Peek—peek—peek" and ends with a whistle.

The Ovenbird, from the woodland cool,  
Calls: "Teacher! Teacher!"—But where's the school?

The Wood PeWee, on a bough alone,  
Cries: "Pee-Wee! Pee-Wee!" in mournful tone.

The Redstart's call is both sweet and free,  
A "Chip!" and a "Chin!" then a "SerWee-swee!"

Yellow-billed Cuckoo kicks up quite a row  
With "Tut—tut—tut! — Cluck! Cluck! — Cow-cow!"

The Indigo Bunting,—from yonder tree, it  
Trills: "Where, where?—Here, here!—See it? See it?"

But the Whip-poor-will has the strangest call:—  
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" And that's all!

Now who is poor will? And who can say  
Why will needs a whipping—and every day?

## "Soda"

By Carolyn Jankee (Grade 4)

SODA is a boxer. Sometimes he ran away, but not any more. And he doesn't chase cats. I love my dog Soda. I think he is cute. In the morning we let him loose and he runs upstairs and jumps on my bed. He is two years old.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# PAGES



"Kittens on the Keys," was sent in by Carolyn E. Sarer of Meriden, Connecticut. Mrs. Sarer's 11-year old niece Betty seems to like the melody.

## Heidi's Friend the Milkman

By Joan Higbee (10)

**I**F dogs could vote I know that the person who would be elected V.I.P. (Very Important Person) No. 1 in my town would be our milkman. No animal is ever grumpy when he's around.

Everywhere he goes, dogs follow him, wagging their tails. When my Heidi hears his milk truck drive into the yard she almost pushes the door down to rush out to greet him.

The secret of his popularity? His niceness to all animals and a dog "yummy" once a week to every dog along his route. And you don't have to be a customer's dog, either, to qualify for a treat or a pat on the head.

## Tabby

By Martha Garlando (12)

*Tabby is a pussy cat*

*Whose fur is nice and fuzzy,*

*And he is so sweet and fat*

*Just like his brother Buzzy.*

*He loves the milk so pure and white,*

*And the cushions too,*

*But when he sees a dog, at sight*

*His eyes turn red and blue.*

*Tabby has a little bowl,*

*And a pillow too.*

*He eats and sleeps without a soul*

*To tell him what to do.*

## Once Upon a Time . . .

By Lesley Gordon (8)

**O**NCE upon a time there was a mother dog who had puppies. The mother and father were very mean. They did not want puppies. So, one little puppy ran away.

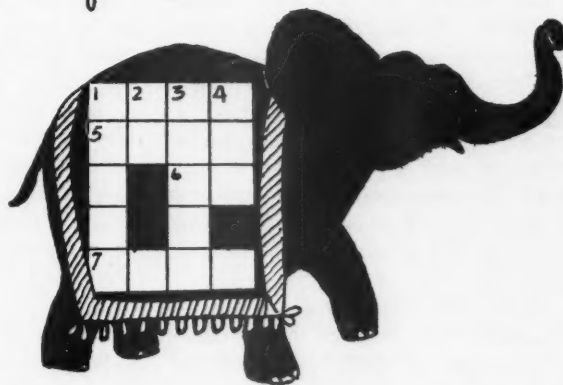
He ran and ran and ran, until he was so tired he could not run any more. He was very hungry and cold, and his paws were sore from all the running. He crawled into a doorway to rest. It started to rain and he fell asleep.

Suddenly, he was awakened by a kick and a mean voice yelling, "Get out of here." The poor puppy started to run again and he ran until he just couldn't run any more. He fell asleep and then he felt a nice hand touch him and a man said, "Poor puppy." He picked him up and brought him to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

The people there were very nice. One day two girls came with their mother. "That's the dog for us," they said. So, they adopted the dog.

They called him Ginger and they all lived happily ever after.

## Elephant Crossword



### Across:

1. An animal having long, shaggy fur
5. South American Ostrich
6. Route (abbreviation)
7. A word meaning Christmas

### Down:

1. Dark color
2. Exclamation of surprise
3. Eagle's nest
4. A rodent



# Errand Boy, "Toughie"

By Caroline E. Wells

**T**OUGHIE" lives up to his name in one sense only—in that he is strong to endure and performs his tasks faithfully. He is no ruffian—no, not he! He is, in fact, the beloved pet and efficient chore-boy of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Moranda, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Like most successful dairymen, Mr. Moranda raises several calves each year, and in the winter time, he likes to give the young ones a drink of warm water. To save him a trip to the house, Mrs. Moranda fills a pail with warm water. Then Toughie takes the pail in his mouth and carefully trots off to take the pail of water to Mr. Moranda at the barn. In that way the calves have their drink and Mr. Moranda doesn't have to leave his work.

When a fruit salesman calls, or Mrs.

Moranda needs some cash unexpectedly, Toughie is dispatched by his mistress with a note to Mr. Moranda, who may be busy in a nearby field. After reading the note, he will put the money in a small purse and away goes Toughie—to pay the bill.

Some of Toughie's other chores are to carry the mail, bring his dish for his meals, carry papers or magazines from one to another when the family is settled down for an hour or so of reading during the evening and are too comfortable to want to move about much. He is quick to pick up and restore to her anything dropped by his mistress while she is busy sewing or knitting.

Perhaps Toughie's most lovable habit is taking one of Mrs. Moranda's shoes when she has removed them, preparatory



*Toughie brings the mail to his mistress.*

to retiring, carrying it to his basket where he keeps it beside him while he sleeps. In the morning, however, he takes it back to his mistress.

Yes, Toughie has a tender heart,

## Cats That Saved Trains

By Freeman H. Hubbard

**T**WO cats are credited with having prevented railroad train wrecks in adjoining states.

John Borders, who lives in Amo, Indiana, beside a Pennsylvania Railroad main-line crossing, was awakened shortly after midnight, five years ago, by his tiger-striped cat meowing and scratching a bed-post. He got up to let the cat out of the house. It went straight to the crossing signal. The man followed. He saw the red light flashing off and on repeatedly and heard its bell ringing, but no train showed up.

"That's odd!" he muttered.

Looking down, he found that an eight-inch piece of rail had snapped off the switch frog, and telephoned the dispatcher at Linnedale. The dispatcher promptly called out a section gang to install a new frog, meanwhile warning all trains on that line.

Mr. Borders says the cat must have been annoyed by the abnormally long bell-ringing and aroused him with a wordless plea to stop that nuisance. As express trains roar through that village at

high speed, one of them might easily have been ditched by the broken rail if it had not been for the cat.

The other feline hero was a big black tomcat belonging to the Illinois Central station agent at Du Quoin, Illinois. One night about thirty-five years ago, when a freight train stopped there, the animal climbed into the cab of engine No. 112 and curled up on the seatbox of Engineer Bob McQuaide while he was in the station getting a train order. Bob, returning to his cab, was surprised to see the cat, and recognizing it, tried to put it off. But for some peculiar reason, the visitor seemed to like that engine and refused to leave. So Bob let it ride. However, on his return trip, he put the cat off at Du Quoin.

During the next two weeks or so, heavy rain fell most of the time, flooding creeks and rivers, undermining tracks and weakening bridges. Despite that, the cat boarded the same locomotive again and again, possibly out of a capricious sense of play that cats are known to possess, and Bob soon got used to having the four-legged railroader in his cab.

One dark, foggy evening, after they had passed Elkdale, puss suddenly set up a piteous wail, and, according to Bob, acted so strangely that he, the fireman, and the head brakeman tried to pacify it, but in vain.

Bob, being a bit superstitious, got the idea that something was wrong and stopped his train to investigate. It was lucky he did so. For when he swung down from the cab and peered into the darkness just ahead, he discovered something that sent cold chills up his spine. The railroad bridge over Big Muddy Creek had been washed away! Fifty yards further and his locomotive would have plunged into the dark swollen water!

The engineer asked a reporter: "Did the railroad cat have an instinct that danger lay ahead? Or did the absence of the bridge cause a slight difference in the sound of wheels humming over rails—a difference imperceptible to your ears and mine but detected by the cat's more sensitive hearing—that made the creature uneasy when it neared the spot? I wish I knew!"

# Spring Is Just Around the Corner

**H**URRAY! Who doesn't love spring with its budding trees, fresh green grass and gay, marching crocuses? But Spring also brings us new fuzzy bundles of cat, tumbling puppies, and adventuresome baby birds who topple out of nests too soon. Before you know it, the children will have brought home a new kitten or puppy, or an injured wild guest that must be cared for until it is well enough to be returned to its own world. Everyone instinctively loves anything young and helpless, but will you know **HOW** to care for it? Do you know how to reunite a young bird with its parents, for instance?

You can find out—just write your friends at the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., or call LONgwood 6-6100. They'll gladly answer your questions about care and training, and furnish you with *all kinds* of inexpensive leaflets for your ready reference. Our Society's sources of information include the world-famous staff of veterinarians at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, largest and best-equipped in the world.

And when we say inexpensive leaflets, we *mean* inexpensive. All these pamphlets are priced from only 2c to 10 apiece! A price list of available leaflets will be supplied upon request.

Remember that when you need help, AHES is as near as your telephone or mailbox.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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